EAST MARVA
The Alagowa Malique Story
Written by DC3/Alagowa Malique

Bang, Bang,Bang along with the sound of screeching tiers peeling off. Those where the sound I heard upon being woken up from a sound sleep. I took a look at my clock it was only 12:30am. I looked up at the ceiling and took a deep breath, before getting out of the bed. I slipped on my flip flops and headed into the kitchen. The sounds of the living room Tv could be heard blurring in the background as I opened the refrigerator. I scratched my head as I searched the fridge with my eyes, finally resting them on the Orange Juice. I grabbed the container with a tight grip,opened up the lid and took a drink. After quenching my late night thirstiness, I placed the lid back onto the bottle, placing it back into the fridge. Turning around, i headed into the Living Room and Glanced at the TV, and seen Steve Harvey hosting on the Family Feud. Finally I turned the TV off, and headed over to the sofa. “Ma,Ma,Ma!!!” I spoke. Until finally, she moved and mumbled out “Boy, What do you want?” I replied “Get up and get in the Bed, you smell like straight alcohol”. She just closed her eyes and rolled back over, So I grabbed a blanket from the hall closet. I returned and threw it gently on top of her, kissing her on the forehead as I began to head back to my bed. The Sounds of sirens could be heard approaching the area, as I returned to my bed closing my eyes,returning to the Spirit Realm (Dreamscape)…..

The next day, Early in the rising, the Sun finally came out peeping through the foggy sky. It was now 8:00am. I thought damn, I woke up a hour late. Missing out on my Daily Meditation and workout, I just got dressed and ready for work. After showering and dressing, I headed out of the room, towards the kitchen. Hearing pans and spatulas sounds, along with the smell of Turkey Bacon, Hen Eggs, Butter Biscuits and Egyptian Style Gravy filled the Vacuum (Air). Mom finally slept off the Bottle of Rum, now she was full of life doing what she enjoys doing, which was Cooking. “Um um um!!!” I said, as I entered the kitchen, kissing moms on the cheeks.

“Smells Good Ma, Bobby Flay ain’t got nothing on you” she let out a laugh and said “Boy set on down, so i can make you a plate before you leave, you are a trip”. I was spoiled, because Ma only had two kids, Me and my sister Zenobia, who is 10 years older than me. She has been on her own now, going on about 6 years now. I am 30 and still stay with my moms. I just got done serving 3years, for being accused of a Robbery. Returning home, I was off my square, things changed with the job market, the internet is going crazy, and last but not least, my city of East Marva, New Nubia was Homicide Capital of the State, Nation, and the whole world. Things where fucked up in my environment, but I finally pulled a job at the community college as a Custodian. It wasn’t the best job, but it was something to pull in a Income, and help moms with bills, because she has a drinking problem.

As I finished grubbing down Break-Fast, I kissed and hugged my mom once more, as she drunk her bourbon with coffee and read the early paper. Yeah, my moms old school. She still loves to read the paper. She spoke up as I turned and headed for the door, “You be careful out there, they got a Young Man on the next street lying dead from a shooting late last night, they say he been laying there since last night, forensics still hasn’t showed up. So the police just been out there watching over the body until they do.” I responded back with “I’ll be careful, but it’s fucked up the way these young brothers are dropping out here like flies.” Mom responded back with “I know baby, you just be careful and have a great day at work. I will see you this evening”. I said my peace, and existed the house. I didn’t have a car yet, I was saving up enough for one, but until then, I had to catch the bus. The bus takes me to the train station, and then the train takes me to my job district. From there I caught another bus, So I had a journey every day. I headed towards the bus stop, which was on the next block over, where the young man’s body was lying. There were a whole bunch of people standing out side on the block, the

streets was talking.

As I approached the stop, I seen one of my hommies from the Mango Court Houses, where I stayed. “What’s up Blink” I spoke as my man’s blink dapped me up. “Shit Nothing much” He replied back as he continued on. “Dude was only 17 years old, and they push his shit back. The Pamala Money Mob, thought he was Jaheim, from the Chester Street Gangsters. You know they been warring for some years”. I shook my head as I responded back with “But I thought they squashed it, and if that ain’t Jaheim laying over there, which was the intended target, who is that?” Blink looked at me and Said, “You know, Janice, that we used to go to school with? I replied back “Yeah, what about her? Blink Said “ That’s her baby brother little Bamboo, the one that had a crazy ass YouTube channel, with 1 million subscribers. He was only 17 years old, and he taught his subscribers how to gain access to superpowers from understanding Self metaphysics. He was a Bright young man who was very intelligent. But unfortunately he was Taken out for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Janice, Is up in Gotham city in college. She suppose to be coming back home next weekend to visit. Only to hear that her baby brother has been murdered”. I looked at Blink, and responded back with “Yeah that’s fucked up, how he was so young and wise. He had a huge following online. He was definitely going somewhere in life, as a Top Shelf alchemy philosopher and Teacher”. I took a pause as I observed the scene while waiting on the Bus. Blink stood there keeping me company, until a thought popped up in my mind. “ What the Hell was Bamboo doing outside at 12:30am late in the night. He was only 17 years old, still in school, and it was a school night”. Blink gave me a puzzled looked and responded with. “What do you mean”? I looked at him and said. “ I heard three shots at 12:30 late last night and a car peeling off from the scene. My mom said the next-door neighbor told her

he’s been laying out there all night. Which means, when I heard the shots, that was him being

gunned down.

I was finally on the bus headed towards the train station, with thoughts on the back of my mind about what was Bamboo doing outside that late at night? He wasn't a drug dealer, he didn't Dib and Dab inside of the streets, or anything like that. I'm not understanding the late night assassination. Something just didn't seem right about the whole incident. Like it was more to the murder,than what met the eyes of the individuals, that stay in the neighborhood. Most of us that grew up in Mango Courts, hear shots all the time, and witness murders. So it wasn't nothing out of the ordinary to the majority of people. But inside my mind something just didn't sit right. My Intuition was bugging me to look deeper into everything, and that was exactly what I was planning on doing. As the Bus moved towards the destination, I decided to pull out my phone and check out Bamboo's YouTube Channel. On his channel he had over 2.7 million channel views and 1million subscribers. His channel was based on debunking and exposing Government Hidden Agendas and Motives in educational programming. He was only 17 years old, building, and talking to the world from a platform that most adults wouldn't understand,or even too scared to speak on.

He had a lot of videos, So much so, he had them in categories. On one of his video collections, one in particular tilted "The Hidden Books Of The Original New Testament". In these videos he was exposing a lot of hidden truths the Niceie Council of Old Roman Empire, which is today's Catholic Church has hidden in order to control the religious narrative and community. I clicked on a Video titled "THE GOSPEL CALLED THE PROTEVANGELION" (Or, an Historical Account of the BIRTH of CHRIST, and the perpetual VIRGIN MARY, his Mother, by JAMES THE LESSER, Cousin and Brother of the Lord Jesus, chief Apostle and first Bishop of the Christians in Jerusalem.) He started speaking about how "Mary" was First Chosen by Sprirt to Live a life of Total Sexual Disciplinary Abstinence, in order to be the one that Conceives the Sun of Christ unto man. This Sun(Light) is Christ consciousness. Going into the creation story, he speaks on how the plant earth, was the original Virgin Mary at a point in time. The Earth taking on the suns Etheric Energy (Gases Seed) and Harboring it into the Christ energy. Which was conceived here on earth bring forth living life. He also spoke on how if the one didn't read or study the religious texts in an Esoteric perspective, but instead in an Exoteric perspective, it would be understood that Mary was 14 years of Age when she moved in with Joseph who was an old man, supposedly pregnanted her by orders of the Lord. If not so why did Mary hide herself for the People of Israel while Pregnant with Jesus? Most people in the Catholic Church was accused of pedophilia. That's why it is poisonous to read any religious text without the proper understanding and that's why, Bamboo made this channel to explain to the world. As I looked at some of the comments, I seen him getting a lot of praise, there were a lot of people dropping their emails. phone numbers, social site links. People was really feeling the kid, and they wanted to get in contact with him. I Also seen a couple of comments, from what seemed to be from church organizations, that spoke against the video, and the teachings he was giving out. Some of these people was posting threats and harsh words, also calling him evil. Some people were even condemning him to hell.

CAUTION

As I worked the halls of “Marva’s Mango Valley Community College” (The School Of Mystic Healers). Nothing but the thought of Bamboo’s murder lingered in my mind. I was at work, I couldn’t do nothing but think of Bamboo. Even though he was younger than me, he definitely, knew where he wanted to go in life. Marva’s school for Mystic healers, is where he wanted to go after graduating high school. A few years back, when I was sitting my small jail sentence, bamboo was about 14 years old, when he visited the college on a field trip. He fell in love with the idea of going to the school to become a healer. Anyhow, he had told me about the school when I returned home, from my jail sentence. He told me about his experience at the school. He told me about the feeling that the school gave him. A feeling of excitement and joy, along with assurance. He also said, even till this day, until he graduates, he still goes there, to the public library that they have. He says he does this until he’s an actual student. Bamboo went by the motto “Whoever you wanted to be in life, Or wherever you wanted to be, You had to put yourself there until it became an actual reality. He definitely knew about the “Law Of Attraction”. He visited there every afternoon to study and do some of his YouTube videos. He understood that the School was hiring for janitorial, so he put me on,and brought me a hiring event flyer. I end up checking it out. Next thing you know, I got hired. I been working here for about a year and a half now. **To Be Continued…… If you want to Purchase a Full Copy Contact Author (Donald Combs III/Alagowa Malique):Email- donaldcombs1990@icloud.com**